VOLUME XXIII.-NUMBER 27.1

Choice Loetry. .

A BEAUTIPUL POEM BY DR. HOLMES.

The literary gathering in Boston, Dec. 3, 1879, to cal-heats the 70th anniver-sary of the birth of Dr. Oliver Condell Holmes, was one of the most remarkable ever slid in any country. There were present more than a midded ladies and gentlemen, including a large proper-ies of the wite, peeds, investigate, cassyints, and profound iters of this country. Mr. Henry O. Boughten made the first speech, saying

he close:
Anticrat of the Breakfast Table. O. King! live frever!

Ir. Holmes was greeted with the most enthusiastic applanes, the company rising to receive him. The response, which he made without preliminary words, was the reading of the following poem. It is one of the most healtful ever written!

THE IRON GATE Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting !
Not unfamiliar to my ear his name.
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting.
It days long vanished—is he still the same.

for changed by years, forgotten and forgetting, Juli-eared, dim sighted, slow of speech and thought, Suil wer the sach dependent persons freeting. Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it ought?

(iid Age, the gray-heard! well, indeed, I know him-Shrank, tottering, bent, of aches and file the prey; Is sermon, story, fable, picture, poem, Oft have I met him, from my earliest day.

is my old .Esop. toiling with his bundle— His load of sticks—politely asking Death, Who comes when called for—would he lug or trundle His fagot for him !—he was short of breath. And sad "Ecclesiastes, or The Preacher,"
Has he he not stamped the image on my soul,
In that last Chapter, where the worn-out Teacher
Sighs o er the loosened cord, the broken bowl?

Yes, long indeed. I've known him at a distance, And new my lifted door latch shows him here I take his shrivelled hand without resistance. And find him smiling, as his step draws near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us, lear to the heart of youth, to manbood's prime; Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us The hearded spoils, the legacies of time!

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant, Passion's uneasy nursilings rocked seleep. Hope a nation faster, wild desires less vagrant, Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep Still, as the silver cord gets worn and tender, its lightened task work tugs with lessoning strain; Hands get more bopeful, voices grown more tender. Southe with their softened tones the alumberous bra-

Youth longs and Manhoed strives, but Age remembers,

Pear to its heart is every loving token.
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken.
Its labors ended, and its story told.

Ah, when around us rosy youth rejoices, For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh, And through the chorus of its jocand voices, Throbs the sharp note of Misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying, From some far orb I track our watery sphere Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dy The silvered globule seems a glistening tear

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion. To win from eaddening scence our ago-dimmed eyes. And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion. The wintry landscape and the Summer skies. So, when the iron portal shuts behind us, And life forgets us in its noise and whirl, Visions that shunned the glaring mesuday finds us, And glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

—I come not here your morning hour to sadden, A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff— I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened. Through my dumb lips the Heaven sent message. If hand of mine another's task has lightened, It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But, oh, my gentle sisters, oh, my brothers, These thick-sown snowfakes hint of toil's release; These feeble pulses bid me leave to others The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace. Time claims his tribute; silence now is go

first me not vex the too long suffering lyre; Though to your love untiring still beholden. The curfew tells me—cover up the fire. And now, with grateful smile and accents cheerful, simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful— Thanks, Brothers, Sisters—Children—and Farewell!

Select Storp.

BUGLER AND CAPTAIN.

A True Story of the Late War-Loving the Gray did not Hinder Her from Marrying the Blue.

On an October day in 1861, the village of -Southwest Missouri, was all in a bustle over the presence of a company of young men who had collisted in the Confederate service ready, to depart to the front. A flag pole rose high in

the air in front of the unpretentions frame hotel, and from it floated the stars and bars in tel, and from it floated the stars and bars in the yellow breeze. There was a rapid riding to and fro, a gathering here and there, shouts of jey, words of parting and regret, threats of ven-grance on the enemy, besstings of courage and said, promises of an early return, and all the said, promises of an early return, and all the wild accompaniments of preparation of the dates of war. The people of the village were wild with excitement. Mothers were embracing their sons, fathers bestowing a last blessing, sisters giving a last token of affection, and sweethearts casting a last lingering look.

Just on the edge of the village lived Gabriel Walker, the father of the community. He was the first to settle there, and had grown to be a wealthy man for that day and locality. His house was a long frame structure, one story high, with a portice all along the front. There was a large yard in front filled with cedar trees, maples and rose bushes. Off to the left was a was a large yard in front filled with cedar trees, maples and rose bushes. Off to the left was a woodland pasture in which grazed fat cattle, while to the right was an orehard of apple trees leaded with ripe fruit. The old man had lived there for thirty years, and had seen all his children grow up and marry except one, a fair girl of sixteen, who, because she was the youngest, was the most beloved, and had been named Gabriella. Her heart was all aglow, on this October day. Her sweetheart was going off with the recruits to be a soldier. Maybe he would not. He had an humble rank because he was the youngest in command. He was barely righteen. He was the bugler, and ever audanon through the day, as the men galloped through the village, the notes of his horn could be heard, and gave zest to the preparation of war. When the time of the final departure came, the young bugler rode up to the friendly came, the young bugler rode up to the friendly gate of Gabriel Walker's house to say farewell

The father, mother, servants and all cams to say a last word, and bid him God speed, but last came the daughter. She was fair as the roses that bloomed in the yard, and her cheeks were like the anples in the orchard. In simple attire, with hair falling around her shoulders like the rain. The farewell was as affectionate as the manufactor of the same than the same the rain. The farewell was as affectionate as two modest but brave young lovers could make it. More felt than said; more tears than promises; more hopes than formal assurances. She took the pretty brass bugle that hung at his side from a silk cord that she herself had given, and carelessly scratched with a pin the initials "G. W."—Gabriella Walker. Then he rode away with his companions, and left Gabriella and the village forever.

THE BATTIE.

The gay young Confederate recruits had hardly been in the saidle three days before they met the enemy. It was on the Kansas border, and in the broad, wild prairie. The grass was half as high as a man, and was now browned and ready for the winter. The Confederates rode up to the crest of a hill from which they could be for the work and could see for twenty miles to the west and south. Immediately in front was a valley, and a clear winding stream, that looked like a broken silver thread, as its water glistened here and there through the trees and bushes that fined its banks. They drew up their weary barses, and stood still to watch the sun go-down in the haze of the western horizon. The

Miscellany. ODE TO A CONFEDERATE BILL

was not a sound, save the pawing of a horse now and then, to break the charm of the moment. The young warrious ast on their steeds and looked far away into the dimly ontlined hills, where the son was making his bed for the night. There were a hundred of them, all standing abreast in battle array, yet they did not dream of the presence of a foe. It was only a moment thus, that they might see the gorgeous vision before them.

Suddenly, just as the rim of the sun touched the earth, there came on the still air the sound of clattering hoofs. It was like the low, distant rumble of thunder. In a moment, all was confusion. It was the enemy, and it was a surprise. He was coming up the hill from the left like lightning.

ike lightning.
"It's the Federals, it's the Federals," was the "It's the Federals, it's the Federals," was the cry that went along the line of the Confederates. What should be done? There was not a man here who had ever faced the fire of carbine and revolver. They were young men, ready to be soldiers, but not trained to the usages of war. Of all things, a surprise was the worst for an introduction. Their cheeks blanched, a look of terror spread ever their faces in a moment, and there was almost the horror of the stampede and panic. But there was bravery there, and courage to try the steel of the face. One above all the others was quick to regain his and courage to try the steel of the fee. One above all the others was quick to regain his presence of mind, and rear his horse up to receive the charge. He rode a little to the front, put his bugle to his lips, and blew a clear, wild strain that nerved his companions, and then there were quick words of command and a hasty forming in regular battle array. But it was foolbardy. The enemy was the stronger, and came up like a cloud. It was useless; it was death to wait. The odds were ten to one. It was a regiment against a company.

came up like a cloud. It was useless; it was death to wait. The olds were ten to one. It was a regiment against a company.

But no, the Confederates would make a stand; they would charge and meet the enemy, and shatter his colnien. Once more the young bugler rode to the front, blew another wild strain that made the hearts of his companions leap within them. He was as brave and handsome a man as ever sat in a saddle. He spurred his horse, so did his comrades, and they all rushed down the hill like an avalanche. Then there were shouts, wild and desperate, and instead of the sunset five minutes before, there was the pandemonium of war. On the two armed forces came, with guns and pistols cocked and presented, the bright barrels gleaming in the twilight like the eyes of a myriad of wild beasts. "Fire!" was the command that ran slong both lines at the same moment, and there was a storm of flame and shot and smoke. Horses reared and plunged, riders fell to the ground, shouts, imprecations, moans, threats and carses fell upon the air, and floated off to reverberate a thousand times along down among the es fell upon the air, and floated off to reverberate a thousand times along down among the shadows of the deep, long vailey. It was a shock and then a receil. It was too much for the Confederates. The enemy gathered quick, and began to close in. The young Confederate put his higher to sound another charge, but he was shot down, and fell to kiss the mother earth. He was ten paces in front of his men, and no sooner had he fallen than a Federal Lieutenant broke out from the ranks, and swept by him like the wind, and leaning over, snatched his bugle and tore it from his body, as one would a banner from a rampart. He bore it back in triumph, and as he sounded its weird notes amid the din of battle, the Confederates lost heart, and those who were left on federates lost heart, and those who were left on their horses, turned and swept away over the prairie like the wind, leaving the dead and the dying. The Federals followed, and kept up the pursuit till the darkness closed in and separat-ed the conquerors from the vanquished. The Federal Licutenant said he would keep that buyle as a trophy.

that bugle as a trophy. THE ARRIVAL. It was in the spring of 1865. The war was over, and those of the warriors who were left were returning to their homes. Late in the evening, there rode along a weary, battle-scarged commany of ten up to the will-scarged evening, there rode along a weary, battle-scarred company of ten up to the village of —, in
Southwest Missouri. Time and war had
wrought changes—oh, such sad changes—chim
neys, lone, bare chimneys, stood where many
of the pretty village residences had stood.
There was an air of desolation and exhaustion
where, five years before, there had been blooming beauty and thrift. As the party of men
rode up that lone street, there was many a sorrowful glance cast at them. These men were
Federal soldiers, and brought back the recollection of an awful war—a war that desolated
the village and that had left a hundred widows
and many a bereaved heart. How different the the village and that had left a hundred widows and many a bereaved heart. How different the picture from that of the October day in the fall of 1861. The flag-pole had been cut down—the stump remained, a miscrable mark of the place—the stars and bars had been pulled down, and the memory of it execrated. The gay company of Confederate recruits that went out on the evening of that day with banners and pride, had not returned, and never would. The bones of many of them were bleaching on the battlefields of the South; the others languished in prisons, and some were stragglers and wanderers.

place of some comfort yet—age had saved it. was the home of Gabriel Walker, and the old on the portice in his great rocking chair. The son had just gone down, and the sweet spring breeze came up like gentle inceuse.

"Ah, my good father, who is that !" said a white faced woman, as she laid her hands upon her father's shoulder.

"Soldiers, my dear! Federals, at that."
They were soldiers, but man of pages after.

bngler."
"And why do you wear it, if you do not use

"And why do you wear it, if you do not use it?"

"As a trophy, taken from one as brave as any who gave their blood for an unfortunate cause, I took it from his dead body, and keep it from the admiration I formed of him, in the heat of battle. A finer looking young man I never saw, and he was in the front when he died, leading the charge. I was a Lientenant then, a Captain now, and those nine men are all who are left of my command. She took the bright brass bugle in her snowy white, trembling hands, and on it were the initials "G. W.," as plain as they were when she marked them with a pin, on that October day in 1861.

There was comfort provided at the house of Gabriel Walker for the weary travellers, that night. What the Captain said of him who had taken the bugle and Gabriella's heart away with him four years ago, was not forgotten.

Two weeks after the Captain and his men had gone, Gabriella received this letter:

Iowa, May 10, 1865.

To Gabriella:—I would return, were I a welcome visitor at your father's house. If I am, write me.

THE RETURN.

It was again in October. This time in October, 1865. The house of old Gabriel Walker was like the home of the faries—adoroed for some special occasion. It was in the evening, and a gay party had come. The minister was there, and there was a great supper. Peace, sweet peace was restored, and apread her broad wings over all the land. The memories of the past were lost in the joys of the present—the Captain was married to the bugler's sweet-heart.

A stony is told that in looking about B A STORY is told that in locating mouth Boston for a suitable hotel in which to celebrate Oliver Wendell Holmes' seventieth birthday, on the 3d of December, the committee found a leading caravanuary whose landlord had never neard of Holmes, the Atlantic Monthly, or Houghton, Osgood & Co. The joke is on Boston.—Hawkege.

A GEORGIA Judge has decided that a woman is not an old maid, until she has reached the age of thirty-five.

PLOT TO NOMINATE GRANT.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1879.

We do not know who the author of the following bea tiful peem is, but it is fall of pathes, and breathes a n-ble sentiment, and we give it to our readers, knowin that it will be highly appreciated by many of them.]

le sentiment, and we give it to our readers, knowin at it will be highly appreciated by many of them.]

Bepresenting nothing on God's earth now, And naught in the waters below it—
As a pledge of a nation that is dead and gone—
Keep it, dear friend, and show it;
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell—
Of liberty born of a a striot's dream.
Of the storm cradied nation that fell;
Too poor to possess the precious ores.
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We lesse te-day our premises to pay.
And hope to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on, and the weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty atill;
Coin was so care that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till;
But the faith that was in us was so strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And those little checks, represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned:
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it.
It gazed in our oyes with a promise to bay,
And each patriot soldier believed it;
But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of the hills that were over due,
We knew if it bought us our bread to day,
It was the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells our history all over,
From the birth of its dreams to the last;
Modeat, and born of the angel of hope,
Like the hope of gueess it passed.

rection of a Marbio Monament Over Her Remains in Spencer County, Indiana.—The Patriotic Generouity of Mr. Studebaker, of South Bend.

ROCKFORT, IND., November 17.—Sixty-one years ago last October, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, the martyr President, died in her husband's cabin, on the farm upon which the latterly laid off village of Lincoln City is located. The village is a little station on the Rockport and Cincinnati Reiroad, in Carter Township, Spencer County, twenty miles north of Rockport. The farm is that upon which Abraham Lincoln's father squatted in 1810, on his removal from Hardin County, Ky., the year Indiana was admitted into the Union, and two years before the County of Spencer was organized. The Lincoln family settled literally in the woods, for the forest was then unbroken, and here in this wild region they commenced to make a farm, when Abraham was but six years and seven months old. The father maintained himself and family by hunting and fishing, and occasional days of labor for his neighbors, until he got him enough land cleared to bear him a crop—the first crop being planted upon ten acres, all dotted over with stumps and grubs. It took nearly two years of hard labor to make this "clearing" ready for the plow and

to make this "clearing" ready for the plow and hoc.

Nancy Lincoln was in all regards a helpmate to her husband, and toiled early and late to assist him in providing for the support of their family. Your correspondent now recalls a statement made to him by an old citizou of Spencer County in 1852 in relatiou to Nancy Lincoln. He said he knew her well during her entire residence in Spencer County, and that she was a woman of superior natural endowments of mind, though of little education, and of great amia bility and kinduess of heart. "My recollection of Mrs. Lincoln," said he, "is that she was, in the later years of her life, an invalid, and underwent great physical suffering as a result of the privations and exposure she was compelled to undergo in her pioneer life. But she was always gentle, always kind. She had a sweet expression of countonance, though her face bore the lines of great physical suffering. She was far more energetic than her husband, and was quick-witted, with a great relish for the humorons and a keen appreciation of the ludicrons. She used to occasionally scold her husband; but he paid little attention to her 'chirping,' as he styled her complaints at his waut of activity."

Nancy Lincoln was in all regards a helpmate to her husband; but he paid little attention to her 'chirping,' as he styled her complaints at his waut of activity."

It was on this farm that Abraham Lincoln had his home until he reached his twenty-first year, being born February II., 1809—three years after the marriage of his father and mother—in Hardin Conety, Ky., and removing with his father's family to Illinois in 1830. Nearly fifteen years of his youth, therefore, were passed in Spencer County. Nancy Lincoln was a most loving mother, and

The Mothers of our Forest Land,
Whose become pillowed men!
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort or glen;
To lead the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling busband's place,
And fill it should be fall.

And fill it should be fall.

As stated above, Nancy Lincoln died in October, 1818, when Abraham was but nine and a half years old, and was buried near the present site of Lincoln City, where, ever since, her remains have him, unmarked by sculptured pile or even a plain marble slab. Near a year ago the Gazette's correspondent referred to the neglected condition of the grave of this pioneer woman, who gave to America the greatest, the best and truest man that ever controlled the destinies of this great Union of States, now indissolubly comented together by his martyr blood. Whether or not this mention through the Gazette was the agent in awakening public "Soldiers, my dear! Federals, at that."

They were soldiers, but men of peace, after all. They dismounted, and walked up to the portico, a Captain in front. Could they stop and get some refreshments? Yes, and welcome. The white-faced woman was Gabriella, the young girl of 1861, prettier now than then. The presence of these young men brought a pang to be rheart, for it freshment the memory of that gay October day in the far off, dim 1861.

"Come in," she said, with a sweet voice, and as she looked at the handsome Captain, her eye fell upon a bugle that he wore, and which shous as bright as a gem.

"Ah, you're a bugler," said she.

"Yes, so far as wearing a bugle makes me a bugler."

"And why de search as the said she.

"Yes, so far as wearing a bugle makes me a bugler."

ed.

The briers were out away from the sacred spot, and the tangled undergrowth grubbed out, and to-day the monument was placed in position over the grave. It is a beautiful shaft of white marble, and bears the legand that beneath it rest in peace the remains of Nancy Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States.

The monument was set up in the presence of a large assembly of people from Rickport, Evansville, and the country surrounding Lincoln City, and appropriate ceremonies were observed on the occasion. Superintendent Baraham, of the Rickport and Jasper Railroad, carried the monument and the people to the funerial the mounment and the people to the funerial grounds free of charge. All the proceedings at the grave were of a most fitting character, and the people assembled gave free expression to their gratification that, after the lapse of so many years, the last resting place of the mother of Abraham Lincoln had finally been marked by a monument that would perpetuate her memory through many generations yet to come. The occasion was one that will never be forgotten by those who were present to witness its touching solemnities.—Cin. Gazette.

THE MAN AND TOWN OF HOLTON.—Hou. Edward D. Holton, of Milwankee, called on the Times yesterday afternoon. He with his wife is making a tour of the West. A number of years ago he fitted out ten ox teams, with ten men to each wagon, and sent them to Kansas. The party, after some trouble with the pro-slavery men, settled in Jackson County, and organized a town. That town, now a city, was named Holton, in honor of the man who furnished transportation to the setlers. Mr. Holton will visit the child he has caused to grow, in a free State, in a few days, and we can safely say that he will be proud of it.—Lesteaserth Times.

BUSTS ON POSTAGE STAMPS.-Please tell a eder whose portraits are on the different de-ominations of United States letter postage

stamps.

Reply.—Ones, Franklin; twos, Jackson; threes; Washington; fives, Taylor; sixes, Lincoln; tens, Jefferson; fifteens, Webster; thirties, Hamilton; nineties, Commodore O. H. Perry.—Cor. Chicago News.

ONE FIFTH of Norway is under timber

The True Mistory of the Chicago Bosm which so Suddenly Ended-Preconcerted Arrange-ment to Force Mis Nomination-Sherman's Hand Visible.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2, 1879.

The true history of Grant's recent reception in this city has not yet been given to the public, but probably all the details connected with it will appear in due time. Your correspondent bas within the last few days come into the passession of certain facts in connection with the event which give it an importance that the participators and the general public never dreamed of, and which it will not be amiss to state anow. CHICAGO, Dec. 2, 1879.

ed of, and which it will not be smiss to state snow.

The reception and ovation were gotten up by a few intimate political friends of Grant, not for the purpose of honoring the General by a public demonstration, but really with the intention of nominating him as the choice of the people for President. It will be remembered that Grant arrived in Chicago on Wednesday, November 12th, from Galena. Previous to his arrival, the plan was carefully arranged and matured, after certain interviews and correspondence between the political coteris who proposed to carry it out. It had been fully understood that, on his return to the United States, he was to receive an ovation at San Francisco, and the money spent on that occasion, to assure the success of the affair, was sent to the Pacific coast by a number of Grant's rich friends in the success of the affair, was sent to the Pacific coast by a number of Grant's rich friends in New York and Philadelphia, who were willing to subscribe liberally to advance the "boom." It was believed that great ovations would also be accorded him along the line of his route from San Franciso to this city, and that this would create a tremendous uprising of the people in his favor. This enthusiasm, it is needless to say was to be influenced by the liberal are

say, was to be influenced by the liberal use of money.

Large amounts were spent to bring the multitudes into Chicago from all parts of Illinois and adjoining States, to swell the popular welcome here. The crowds that assembled on the day of the demonstration exceeded even the expectations of those who had the matter in charge. The city itself was kept in a state of excitement for fully three days. Thousands of those who came to Chicago, travelled hither on free passes, which they had received from the roads. Every effort was made to send the boom along all the lines of railroads, so that the throng would be the largest ever witnessed in Chicago, exceeding even the famous demonstration which accompanied the first nomination of Grant, at Crosby's Opera House, shortly after the close of the war.

the war.

The sequel to the whole of this imposing display was, as has already been intimated, to be the nomination of Grant for the Presidency. the nomination of Grant for the Presidency. The programme arranged by these skillful plotters was, that after the address to Gen. Grant had been read by the Chairman of the Reception Committee, at Haverly's Theatre, the General would respond by delivering a speech, which had been carefully prepared and written out for his use on that occasion. Then, at a given signal, and when the popular excitement was at its height, the Chairman of the meeting was to appeal to the people to nominate him as their Presidential Standard-bearer for 1850. This, it was shrewdly calculated, would be quickly adopted by the enthusiastic assembly. Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois, was then to step outside the theatre and announce the event to the vast multitude assembled in the street, in adimpassioned speech, and with all the well-known

came.

It has been said that not only the Chairman of the meeting at Haverly's Theatre, but those who were associated with him in the reception arrangements, were under the influence of Secretary Sherman, and acted by his instructions in the matter. The Secretary was made acquainted with the facts in relation to the receptainties of the secretary was made acquainted with the facts in relation to the receptance. in the matter. The Secretary was made acquainted with the facts in relation to the reception, and immediately, in his adroit and dextrons way, succeeded in communicating with the leading men in the movement, who were managing the affair, with the expectation of furnishing money, and his influence was sufficient to control their action. This explained the reason why the signal was not given either to the Chairman or Senator Logan. Had the nomination been made, as pre-arranged, the wires were instantly to hear the intelligence to all parts of the country. Though Grant himself fully understood the programme, as the speech was handed to him on his arrival at Chicago, up to the present time he has not been informed why his nomination was not made. The excuse was offered to those who were immediately connected with him, that probably it might be regarded as an attempt to forestall the action of the National Republican Convention, and might injushim in the estimation of some others of the caudidates, or their friends. They then tried to persuade him that, under all the circumstances, it were better that the nomination should not be made, as it was very probable that he would be the nominee of the party in any event, and the best course for him would be to make it appear to the country that he was not anxious for it and did not desire it and would not account the surface of the party in any event, and the best course for him would be to make it appear to the country that he was not anxious for the best course for him would be to make it appear to the country that he was not anxious for it, and did not desire it, and would not accept it, unless it was deemed best by his friends. They also agreed that no effort should be made by him or his friends, to force him on the convention or the nation. This seemed satisfactory to General Grant. Now, however, in view of these disclosures, he will probably wake up to the true history of the Chicago boom, and the secret of its sudden termination.—N. Y. Star.

Historical.

While Mr. George W. Brown's articles on early Kansas are before the public, and various "old settlers" are going for his sea lp in such a vigorous manner, we think the following copy of a hand bill which we resurrected in the rooms of the State Historical Society, will prove somewhat of interest:

NOTICE!

TO THE PUBLIC:—I, the undersigned, on my own personal honor and responsibility, do here-by publicly declare G. W. Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom, to be a willful LIAR, a malicious SLANDERER, and almost contemptible COWARD; all of which charges I hold myself in readiness to prove.

RICHARD REALF.

Lawrence, July 14, 1857.

Lawrence, July 14, 1857.

To the above notice, Mr. Brown replied in the Herald of Freedom, of which he was then editor, that it was better to be posted as a liar, than proved to be one. And the Republican, of Lawrence, rejoins to this that Mr. Brown ought to know the difference, as he had enjoyed both luxuries!

A SAMPLE POEM, FROM THE OKOLONA STATES, DEMOCRATIC.

You thought that you had conquered us upon the battle And now you find your blood is spilled, your money spent

o use-emocratic party has forever cooked your goose— Yes, you rauting, casting Radicals, You howling, yowling Radicals, lemocratic party has forever cooked your goose. So now we'll clutch your "nation" by its nasty little

throat—
Till from the negro race it shall recall the power to rule:
Till it restores the rights it stole from Sovereign States away, And houses with high offices the guards who were the

Gray—
Ten you fying spying Rodicals.
Ton Heaven defying Radicals.
Il make it yield high honors to the guarde who were

We'll teach our youth to look upon the Brigadiers in bine.

As a murderous, thieving, and a Hell-deserving crew;
We'll shut your dirty free-school doors, and every YanWill be discosted by our boys, and dumped into the

ecean.
Yes, you sneaking, shricking Radicals,
You black, blood recking Radicals,
The Democratic party is again in marching motion! THE DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

Letter Prom Wm. E. Chandler.—The Hebels Munt be Kept out of Control of the National Government—Senator Conkling's Lender-ship in New York—Mr. Ti idea's Grip upon the Bemocratic Party—Re publican Victory Probable, Not Nure.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir.—On March 4, 1877, not many hours after the long struggle of the Presidential count had made Governor Hayes President, and Zachariah Chandler had, by nuremitting effort, made good his assertion of Wednesday, November 8, 1876, that "Hayes has one hundfed and eighty-five votes and is elected," several gentlemen, one of whom had that day visited the new President, called on Mr. Chandler, and told him what they had learqued; that an abandonment of the principles of the Republican party had been agreed upon, and that to carry it out, the President was seeking a New England Cabinet Minister from political traitors and fossils, had decounced his election as fraudalent, and to place in the Interior Department as successor to Mr. Chandler a person offensive, in one way or another, to nearly every wing and faction and shade of real Republicanism. After the narrator, in his vivid and infinitable style, had given the astonishing intelligence, we listened eagerly for the explosion we thought sure to arise from the chagrined and indignant Secretary. But it did not come; he sait calm and speechless. Then some one said, "Mr. Chandler, have we been working for this?" Slowly removing his cigar from his mouth, he quietly replied, "No, we did not work for this; we worked to keep Tilden out."

The spirit which animated Senator Chandler

out."

The spirit which animated Senator Chandler ought for the Lext year to control and direct all true Republicans. Whatever differences of opinion may arise as to men, we are sure to be all agreed upon principles; and when the convention of 1880 has named its candidates, Republicans of all shades of control and the second control of the second con publicans of all shades of opinion, sinking per-sonal preferences, should unite in another ear-nest enthusiastic, and final struggle to keep the rebels out of control of the National Govern-With this evident duty before Republicans, in

With this evident duty before Republicans, in New York more than in any other State, it is much to be regretted that any should say we are willing to accept stalwartism, but with it we are not willing to accept Conklingism! This means, if anything, that the Republican party should not be sustained in power if Senator Conkling is to remain one of its foremost leaders. What good reason can be give for this threat! Mr. Conkling is a Senator of transcendent ability, and reflects great honor upon the ent ability, and reflects great honor upon the Empire State. What Republican principle or measure has he failed to support, and when has he ceased to do his utmost on the Republican side! Let the vital contests of the late extra session testify. Why then should he not lead and influence and serve the Republican party?

But is said: We do not object to Sonator Conkling himself, but to the "methods of Con kling ism." What are these objectionable methods! The control of political caucuses and conventions by political patronage, it may be answered. For over two years the bitter opponents of Conklingism and advocates of "the thing called Bristowism" and of civil service reform have controlled all Republican official patronage in New York, have removed and appointed scores of Federal officers, and wielded the whole patronage power of the Government for the sole parpose of destroying Senator Conkling, and yet his influence in his State is stronger than ever; he was re-elected Senator without opposition; and official patronage has been as powerless to control political results under President Hayes and Secretaries Evarts and Sherman, as it was when wielded by President Johnson and Secretary Seward; and as it always will be when attempts are made, by it, to thwart instead of promote the prevalent sentiment of a political side! Let the vital contests of the late extra tempts are made, by it, to thwart instead of promote the prevalent sentiment of a political party. The charge that Senator Conking de-pends for his ascendency upon patronage is ut-

party. The charge that Senator Conking depends for his ascendency upon patronage is utterly absurd.

Possibly the objection is not to the control of
politics by patronage, but by the "machinery" of
Conklingism. What is that machinery! It can
only be the regular caucuses and conventions of
the party, which are absolutely open and free to
every voter of the party. What sore-headed
bolter complains that he has not been allowed
to vote at a caucus or a primary meeting! With
the Federal patronage mercilesaly wisided
against him by civil service reformers, and with
the cancuses and convention open to all Repub against him by civil service reformers, and with the cancuses and convention open to all Repub-licans, Mr. Cornell obtained an overwhelming victory in convention, which has been ratified by the people; and yet he is called the product of the machine in politics, although a modest and true Republican, always serving the party, and unimpeachable in public and private life. Are these sincers or fair or tenable objections? I have what principle does a Republican hith-Are these sincerce of fair or tenable objections?

Upon what principle does a Republican hitherto opposed to Stalwartism now consent to accept it, but threaten to boit if asked to take Coukingism with it? Of course he accepts Stalwartism because he has changed his opinions, and now finds it to be right. May he not also, if he further candidly investigates Conkingism, which was stalwart when he was not, find it to be commendable, and accept it also? Or is he worried because Mr. Cornell has been elected Governor by the defection from Robinson of Tammaoy Hall and John Kelly? When did it become objectionable for the Republicans of New York City, numbering about one-third the voters, to profit by a division of the Democracy? Was it wrong for Abraham Lincoln to be elected President in 1830 by the Democratic split at Charleston; or was the victory tainted by suspicion that Mr. Lincoln was in complicity with the Brackinridge belt which made his election certain?

Herald of Freedom, of which he was then editor, that it was better to be posted as a liar, than proved to be one. And the Republican, of Lawrence, rejoins to this that Mr. Brown ought to know the difference, as he had enjoyed both luxaries!

With such little pleazantries did our "fifty-sixers" while away the hours of our early history.—Topeks Capital.

SCRIPTURAL WOOD IN KENTUCKY.—Mr. W. M. Liuney, of Harrodsburg, has recently shipped to Frankfort a section of a tree known to our people as yellow wood. It can only be found on the banks of the Dix and Kentucky rivers, in the space between Baker's Mill, on Dix River, and Oregon, on the Keutucky River. It is a very hard wood, and is susceptible of the highest polish. The remarkable fact connected with this wood is that it is supposed to be the identical shittim wood of which the ark of the covenant and the altars and tables of the tabernacle were constructed.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Observer.

FIFTY years ago Stephenson ran his first engine over iron rails in Eugland. There are now one hundred and fifty thousand miles of iron rails in the world, of which more than half are in this country.

Gov. Van Zandt and other citizens of Rhode Island, have petitioned against the removal of the Egyptian obelisk to this country, as an set of vandalism.

mocracy, the Republicans have no easy path to victory. We can not reckon upon additional blunders and follies of our opponents. In March last I ventured to predict two results of the extra session: first, that President Hayes would act with the Republicans in resisting Democratic aggression, and second, that the Democrats in Congress would conduct themselve as if possessed with the devil, and would rush ou to their own destruction. But such crazy recklessness and defiances of and outrages upon loyal Northern public sentiment can not longer be looked for from the Democratic leaders. The late unexpected Republican successes have astonished and sobered them. Presidential victory, which in their intoxication from easy power in Congress they then felt sure of, now seems doubtful, if not impossible. In their emergency they will change their Congressional tactics; in the coming session the struggle of last summer will not be resumed; there will be no more revolutionary attempts to withhold appropriations and starve the Government; the election have will not be interfered with; the United States Marshale will be paid; with; the United States Marshale will be paid; there will be no wiping out of war legislation; Confederate Generals will be sent to the rear, or Confederate Generals will be sent to the rear, or will toar as gently as sucking doves; professions of acquiesence in the results of the war and of devotion to the country and the Constitution and its amendments will be profusely made; in short, Democracy will put on its most plansible mask, and again practice another humiliation of itself, and attempt another deception of the people, hoping by self-degradation and lying to grasp full of National power, and wield it as wickedly as they obtained it later, the power of Congress.

wickedly as they obtained it later, the power of Congress.

Restraining themselves in Congress, they will also endeavor to make a Presidential nomination that will definde the people and conceal their real purposes. If Mr. Tilden will permit them, they are likely to nominate General Hyrocek, or the plansible and jesuitical Bayard, and, with great professions of patriotism, struggle furiously to carry New York as well as Indiana. Or, what is more probable, they madiana. gle furiously to carry New York as well as Indiana. Or, what is more probable, they may nominate Mr. Tilden, and canvass New York and the North for him as belonging to the loyal Northern wing of the party, uncontrolled by rebel leaders and untainted by rebel sympathies. Mr. Tilden's most ardent advocate, Mr. Montgomery Blair, has always charged the hostility of the Southern Democrats against Mr. Tilden, and his counting out by their consent and bargain, to his Unionism and devotion to loyal Northern ideas, and to his declared hostility to Southern claims. With Mr. Tilden's power in New York, he can unquestionably compel his own Southern claims. With Mr. Inden's power in New York, he can unquestionably compel his own nomination if he chooses. Will he do this? To speak bluntly, he will be a coward and fort if he does not. Why should he not? He is the best representative of the Northern wing of his party, and why should he succumb to the South-ern rebeis? They call him cowardly, because he did not fight to inangurate himself President ern rebeis? They call him cowardly, because he did not, fight to inaugurate himself President when the count went against him, and they were trading him off with the Hayes Administration. But Mr. Tilden did evince some little patriotism in refusing to bring on civil war, and preferring that the disputed count should be settled by peaceful and legal methods, as Mr. Manton Marbie clearly shows in his Ark and Shechinah letter which seem if it did some the adultation ter, which, even if it did cause the publication of the cipher telegrams, cleared Mr. Tilden from the Southern charge of cowardice. Unless, then, Mr. Tilden's "matural force has

Unless, then, Mr. Tilden's "matural force has abated," and he has "lost his grip," and proves himself the coward he has been charged with being, he will make himself the nominee of the Democratic party, and the Presidential battle will be fought with him as the Democratic lead-

will be fought with him as the Democratic leader. Can any of the 138 Southern Electoral votes be taken from him? Can Indiana be carried against him? Can New York, which gave him 30,000 majority in 1876, be carried against him, in 1880? If New York and Indiana are to be lost to the Republicans, can we carry all the other Northern States and Florida, making 185 votes, as in 1876? These are the vital questions for Republicans to consider and solve.

Prodent and cautious politicians can not fail to admit that Republican victory in 1880 is probable only; not sure. The recent glorious triumphs, under radical principles, demanding the absolute protection of human rights everywhere able only; not sure. The recent glorida the numbs, under radical principles, demanding the absolute protection of human rights everywhere under the flag, the abandonment of which for two years brought as almost to dissolution and destruction, have placed success within our reach. New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Massachusetts are the only doubtful Northern States. With forbearance, concession, harmony, full State conventions, and a wise and patriotic National Convention, whose decision about candidates shall be cheerfully submitted to by all, a Solid North can be interposed against "a Solid didates shall be cheerfully submitted to by all, a Solid North can be interposed against "a Solid South and rebel rule," the dangers of which Governor Hayes so earnestly urged Republican speakers in 1676 to depict as arguments for his election. Without these conditions, Mr. Tilden may yet be President. For myself I may say, that, while now, as in 1876, an ardent advocate of Mr. Blaine's nomination, having a second choice for Senator Conkling; conceiving the selection of Secretary Sherman, of Ohio, who publicly announces himself a caudidate in a letter to a Democrat, and promises that if elected he will be controlled by Democrats, as atterly distanted to me, and believing that no emergency, unless caused by reckless rebel actions during the coming session, will exsist to make the illustrious General of our victorious armies and distinguished ex President, whom foreign peoples and his own country are so delighted to welcome and hour, venture to submit himself to the pertinguished ex President, whom foreign peoples and his own country are so delighted to welcome and hour, venture to submit himself to the perils of a third contest for the Presidency, I I have no opinion, desire, preference, prejudice or animosity that I will not, as always, crush out, if necessary, in order to support the nominee of the Convention; and join in an untiring, zealous efort, never again in the course of our politics to be necessary, to keep the rebels out. Would that Senator Chandler, with his fidelity, his energy, his sagacity and his courage, were to be with us to make one more battle for his prin-

ciples and his country! SALT LAKE CITY, November 22, 1879. CHANDLER'S OFFER TO HAYES.—The Late Zach Chandler told a friend in Washington last winter that the election of Hayes cost him \$17,000, and showed a cheek-book with the stubs, apon which the items were accounted, to show the trath of his statement. He had a supreme contempt for the pecuniary meanness of Hayes, and talking to a Chicago Ister-Occus correspondent before Hayes became "stalwart," he said: "I am told that he only spends \$9,000 a year and saves \$41,000 out of his salary. When you go back to Washington, you go tell Hayes that I will fix it so that he can save his entire salary. He has been in office one year. He will receive \$150,000 if he lives out his term. I will give him a check for that amount, payable when he will write his resignation as 'Ifresident' of the United States on the back of it. Wheeler will then be 'President,' and the country will be run as it ought to be."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Or Senator Chamiller's devotion to his family.

be with us to make one more battle for his prin-

Or Senator Chandler's devotion to his family Or Senator Chandler's devotion to his family, ex Senator Ramsey speaks warmly, relating especially how Mr. Chandler saved his daughter's life at the risk of his own. One night in their then new residence in Washington, escaping gas filled the house and became ignited. Miss Chandler—now Mrs. Eugene Hale—was alone in a part of the house that was filled with flames, when the Senator, enveloping his head in a blanket, dashed through the fire and rescued his danghter, who escaped unharmed, though her father was so badly burned that he bore the scars to his death.

A Bad Year for Dark Horses.—There are a great many political prophets who are shaking their heads owlishly and declaring that the prize in the next Republican Presidential Convention will be carried off by a "dark horse." In ordinary years this is a safe prediction, but unless there are most unexpected changes in the next few months, 1800 will prove to be the most unlessy year for dark horses which the country has ever seen for a long time.—New York Tribase.

John Brown's soul has gone marching on to some purpose in old Virginia. Capt. John 8. Wise, son of the Governor who hung the early martyr, has jost moved the admission to the highest court at Riehmood, of William C. Roane, a colored man, the first lawyer of his race to be accorded that privilege.

Mr. Hayes is a devoted civil service reformer —in sound messages.—C kiengs Times.

A BOURBON BALLAD

、拉朗·巴尔斯斯巴斯西·斯森

WHOLE NUMBER, 1.171.

[My object in coming North and bringing this pack of bloodhounds is to show your people a remarkable feature in the auto-believe slave life of the South. I am a simple farmer; but while so much has been said as to this slave tracking by bloodhounds before and during the war. I intend to show that the dogs have been so trained that they will cease to pursue a negre when ordered to stop. Slave tracking has been, since I remember, a great business in the South. Slaves going over feaces and through swamps for more than 300 miles have been successfully pursued by these hounds, but they are all trained to a nicety, and will never do harm except by order of their master. They are of the regular Georgia and Carolina hered, and, though rather expensive, were always considered a necessary adjunct to our system.—N. T. Herald report of intervence with our Ch. Thumas Butter, of South Carolina.

My name is Colonel Jingo of the L egion:
I brung the houn's to show you how they'd run;
They're very necessary in our region.
When thar is niggro-hunting to be done.
Jest see their legs; they're supple as a horse;
They run a right smart distance in a day,
An of they her the scent of blood, of course.
The frightened darkey never gits away.

The mighty truth, for wich I am contedin.
Is this: that home's with such a lovely law.
Set on a nigger's trail, are but defendin'.
The high an' sacred majesty of law.
They never cat im up or hurt a limb.
Porridge that the man by which they're sent,
Gits that in time to call 'em offen him:
An' of he don't—why, that's an accident,

This black boy, Sam, wich I hev brung with me, light in ther kennel he has slop for years; We il start 'im off, an 'chase 'im up a tree. To demonstrate he hean't any fears. They won't hurt no one—those 'ere dega will not; Why, yes, in time, of course, they kill a few, But never chaw a thing on wich they're set, Ouleas they jedge their master wants 'em to.

These dogs ketched fugitives afore the war,

—What's that? 'Twas ended fifteen years ago,
An wot was these uns trained to bloodhoun's for !

These foller on the human trail, you know.

Jest seldom—now and then—to teach 'em how,
Prehaps the time is comin w'en they may

Be needed down thar—though they are not now—
You notice that "prehaps" is all I say.

Three years ago, some blood in Hamburg flowed,
Because the sassy niggers kep a drummin'.
And marched their soldiers in the public road,
When me and other gentlemen was comin'.
We hed to take out six an' shoot 'em dead,
Before the flends would understand their place
By givin' now an' then a dose of lead,
We manage to prevent a war of races.

My name is Colonel Jingo, of the Legion;
I bruing the houn's to show you how they'd run;
They are exceeding useful in our region.
When that is niggro hunting to be done.
Their jaws are square, their legs are long and slim.
An'lf you show 'em, startin' for their prey.
Some tattered garment that was worn by him.
The frightened darkey never gits away!

How the Schoolgir! Heard a Story that had been Kept from Her,

The elopement of Miss Carrie Sickles, daughter of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, from Paris, with a Southerner named McCarthy, has been given the public by cable dispatches. Gen. Sickles pursued the pair to London, where he had them arrested. The young lady is about twenty-five years of age, and is very accomplished. She has a superb figure and charming manners, and for a long time was a belle in this country.

The writer of this, while in Baltimore, several years ago, was told a story about Miss Sickles, by a school friend of hers, which is full of pathetic interest just now. A little party had been given at the house of a lady in Baltimore, where the writer met Miss Sickles, and was struck by her quick-witted repartee, and her readiness to chat about the current topics of interest. Meet-

her quick-witted repartee, and her readiness to chat about the current topics of interest. Meeting a schoolmate of hers next day, the writer alluded to this. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "she was gay enough then, poor child, but I think she is almost heart-broken, notwithstanding her vivacity." A few questions brought out the whole story. Gen. Sickles' first wife, the mother of his daughter, as will be remembered, was connected in the famous scandal with Philip Batton Key, the District Attorney at Washington, D. C. Sickles shot Key, in 1859, and killed him; was tried for his murder, and was acquitted. His wife died shortly after, and before her daughter was old enough to understand the disduction. ted. His wife died shortly after, and before her daughter was old enough to understand the disgrace of it all. Gen. Sickles, with jealous watchfulness, kept the facts connected with her mother's share in the tragedy a secret from his daughter, and she knew nothing about it until she was nearly nineteen. She was a sensitive, loving girl, and worshiped the memory of the mether she had been taught to love, and she frequently spoke of her to her friends. Miss Sickles went to school in Baltimore, and one day, while reciting in class, she had a slight quarrel with a girl from Washington. After school, a number of girls were seated together, among them being Miss Sickles and the girl with whom she had quarreled. Miss Sickles apologized for what she had said, but the other girl refused to be comforted, and finally grew very angry, and began to taunt Miss Sickles about the terrible story of her dead mother's wrong doing. Miss Sickles demanded an explanation, which was given, and the poor young lady almost lost her reason in the attack of illness which followed.

She left the school when she recovered her health, and soon afterward joined her father. It was said she acted very wildly toward him for keeping the story hidden from her, and reproached him bitterly. The effect of the revelation was that Miss Sickles' manner and actions changed from what they had been before, and she began to worry her father by her apparent heartlessness, and fondness for the excitement connected with the life of a belle in an American city like Washington.

In connection with this, it is not out of place

connected with the life of a belle in an American city like Washington.

In connection with this, it is not out of place to say that the Keys, as a family, have not prospered since that occurrence in Washington. The son of Philip Barton Key, (whose father wrote "The Star Spaugled Banner,") is now an actor, and as "James Barton" he took part in the performance of the "Pullman Palace Car Tourists," who were the first company to appear at the Opera House this winter.—Pillsburg Telegraph.

"Old Ni" Considers the Falling Stars, and

Old Si came into the office, and laid a small yellow pamphiet before our eyes.

"Now, dar's dis yeah's alminack wid de hoss an' de dragoon on de outside, de man in de managery on de inside, an' de blaze face sun, an' eberyting all reg'lar, 'ceptiu de prognostikashun dat l'se huntin for."

"And what is that !"

"Bout de shootin' stars—de nite ob de 'formance, an' de hour ob de 'luminashun."

"It is billed to come off to-morrow night, at lo'clock in the morning."

"Den w'y didn't dey put hit in dis alminack ! But hit's all right, now dat I knows de programme."

But hit's all right, now dat I knows de programme."
"Do you intend to sit up and see the show !"
"Dat I does! I hain't missed nary wan sense
1833, onless hit war durin' ob de wah, an' 'sklusively got up fer de fokes on de norf side uv
Mason and Dixam's line."
"These displays must interest you very much."
"So I does: I gits moughty interestid in 'em,
fer, yer see, I fahms by de seezins, I plants by
de moon, I goes fishin' wid de tides, an' I makes
up my min' 'bout what's goin' to happen by de
way de stars moves."
"Then you are a sort of astrologer, in your

up my min' bout what's goin' to happen by de way de stars moves."

"Then you are a sort of astrologer, in your way?"

"Well, I don't know 'bout dat; I rudder tink I'se on de fence jess at dis time. But I'se gwineter watch dem stars to-morrer nite, 'kaze es dey tumbles dar's gwine ter be jess sech er mighty change in dis gub'ment, yer heah me! Dar's pollyticks fer de millyun in dem fallin' stars. "How do you make out that startling fact?"

"W's, I'se watched 'em, au 'chery time de stars hez fell wid anyting like ginerality, dar's foller'd er change in de gub'ment; sho! De las show'r waz in 1866, an' Audy Johnson wuz President; but den cum 'long de 'Publicaus wid Grant, an' jess fa'rly cleaned de deck! De time hez cum fer de nez' show'r, au' de change ar' joss behin' hit, let me teil yer!"

fer de nex' show'r, an' de change ar' jess behin'
hit, let me tell yer'"
"And what sort of a change will it be f"
"Dar, now! I gib hit up till de show'r passes.
An' den I won't know; kaze de Dimocrots her
got Kongress, de 'Publicans got de President, do
G reenbackers got de goose; an' darfo' dar's no
tellin' which way de change ar' comin! De bes'
conserfashun I kin git now ar' to tink de bigger
de fall ob de stars, de bigger'l be de Dimocrat
majority nex' yeah! Ain't dat yo' has' f"
We agreed that was the size of the signs.

"GIVE me Grant, or give me des th!"-J. For